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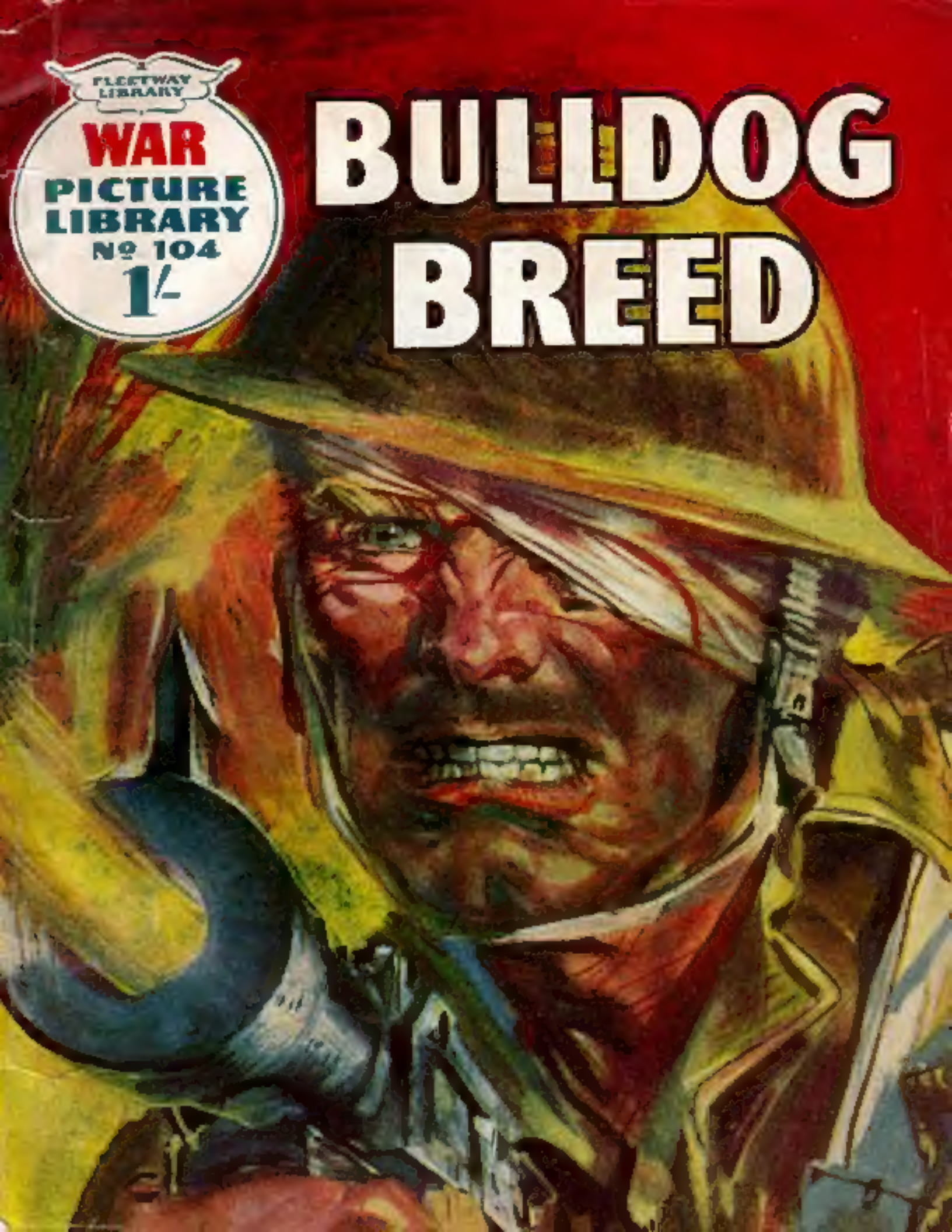

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Chapter 1. LEARN FAST — OR DIE

THE LANCE-CORPORAL'S INFORMANT SMILED. THERE WAS NO MIRTH IN HIS SMILE, THOUGH... ONLY A KIND OF GRIM IRONY. A VETERAN HIMSELF, HE WAS SOMETHING OF AN AUTHORITY ON THE BATTALION'S LIVING LEGEND...
'THE ROCK'S' NOT A DAY OVER THIRTY. DON'T LET HIS WHITE HAIR FOOL YOU, CHUM. I CAN TELL YOU HOW HE GOT IT. I CAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT 'THE ROCK'. I CAN EVEN REMEMBER THE FIRST NIGHT HE JOINED US— BACK IN FORTY-ONE...

HE WAS JUST PLAIN PRIVATE FLINT, WITH A HEAD OF HAIR AS BLACK AS YOUR BOOTS ON AN R.S.M.'S PARADE... A LANKY REPLACEMENT FOR A DEAD RIFLEMAN IN SIXTEEN PLATOON OF COMPANY D...
MATE, IF YOU RECKON YOU'VE DUG DOWN FAR ENOUGH YOU'D BETTER THINK AGAIN. THAT LITTLE SCOOP WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD TO *ME* — LET ALONE A LONG STREAK LIKE YOU!

YES, PRIVATE FLINT—WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A SOLDIER BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN LICKED INTO SHAPE TO LOOK THE PART ON A BARRACK SQUARE... FLINT, NEW TO COMBAT, UNBLOODED...

THE GERMAN GUNS ARE GETTING THE RANGE, AREN'T THEY, DILLON?

THAT'S RIGHT, MATE. NOW YOU KNOW WHY YOU NEED A GOOD, DEEP SLIT. KEEP DIGGING!

IT WAS THE WESTERN DESERT AND THE AFRIKA KORPS HAD LASHED OUT ON ONE OF ROMMEL'S FAMOUS RAMPAGES. THE BRITISH HAD BEEN DRIVEN BACK ACROSS LIBYA TO THE EGYPTIAN BORDER. NAZI FLYING-COLUMNS WERE RUNNING RIOT...

LEUTNANT, YOUR THREE GUNS WILL CONTINUE TO LAY DOWN HARASSING FIRE ON THE ENEMY'S LEFT FLANK WHILE THE MAIN EFFORT IS DIRECTED AT HIS CENTRE AND RIGHT.

JAWOHL, HERR HAUPTMANN.

SIXTEEN PLATOON WAS OUT ON THAT LEFT FLANK. THE MEN OF THE PLATOON HUDDLED LOW, EXCEPT FOR FLINT. HE WENT ON DIGGING FEVERISHLY — TILL A SHELL SCREAMED SO CLOSE TO HIM, HE STUCK HIS HEAD DOWN LIKE AN OSTRICH!

FACES POKED UP WARILY AS A WAFT OF STINKING CORDITE FUMES DRIFTED BY. EXPERIENCED EYES BEHELD FLINT'S ELONGATED SPINE ARCHING UP OUT OF HIS ALL-TOO-SHALLOW COVERT...

FLATTEN OUT, YOU CLOT!

FLINT HEARD AND TOOK HEED. HE HUGGED DIRT AS THOUGH HE HAD FOUND A SUDDEN CRAVING FOR THE EMBRACE OF MOTHER EARTH! HE BECAME DEAD-CERTAIN FATE HAD SINGLED OUT HIS SLIT-TRENCH AS A SPECIAL MARK FOR THE NAZI ARTILLERY...

I'LL NEVER LIVE THROUGH THIS! MY NUMBER'S UP!

BUT HE LIVED ON. A BATTLE-HARDENED BREN-GUNNER WAS SIXTEEN PLATOON'S ONLY CASUALTY THAT NIGHT. DIG AS HE MIGHT, NO MAN HAD THE ANSWER TO A DIRECT HIT. THAT WAS THE LUCK OF THE GRIM GAME OF WAR.

IN THE CENTRE AND ON THE RIGHT OF THE BATTALION'S DEFENSIVE SYSTEM, THE NAZI ONRUSH OF ARMOUR WAS HAMMERED TO A HALT...

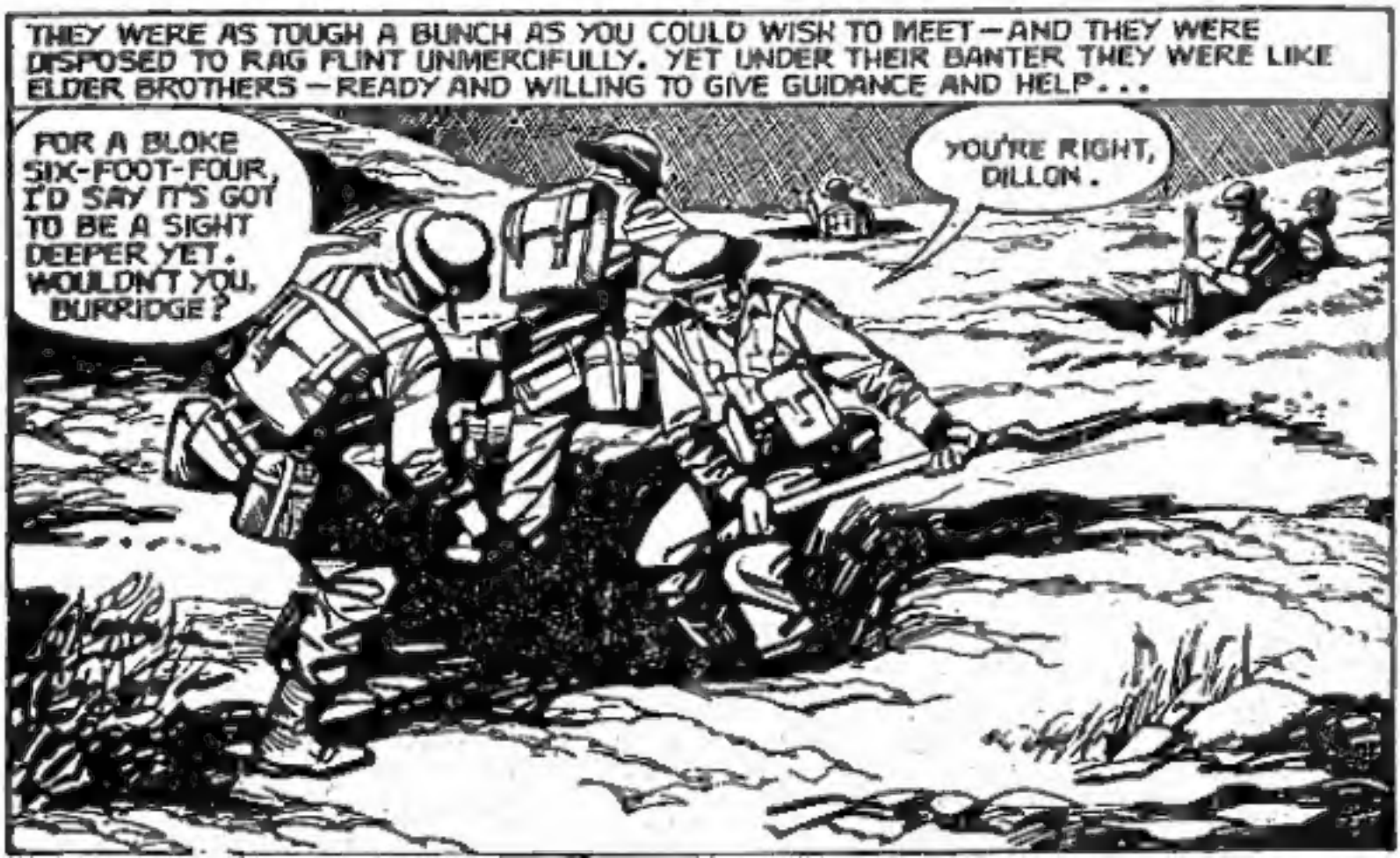
THE LORRY-BORNE INFANTRY TOOK A BEATING AS WELL. EARLIER SUCCESSES HAD MADE THEM ARROGANT. BUT THEIR THIRST FOR COMBAT WAS QUENCHED BY THE DELUGE OF A COUNTER-BOMBARDMENT AND THE RED STREAMS OF TRACER THAT RIPPLED THROUGH IT...

THE ATTACK WAS CALLED OFF. PANZERS AND INFANTRY WITHDREW FROM THE BRITISH RIGHT AND CENTRE. ON THE BATTALION'S LEFT FLANK, THERE WAS WELCOME SURCEASE OF THE GUNFIRE THAT HAD SAVAGED THE GROUND AROUND SIXTEEN PLATOON'S POSITION...
BREN-GUNNERS...RANGE—TWO HUNDRED...ENEMY AT ONE O'CLOCK ...GET THEM IN ENFILADE... RAPID FIRE!
IT'S A PLEASURE! A REAL PLEASURE, MISTER NOLAN!

FLINT DID NOT SEE WHAT THE PLATOON'S REMAINING TWO BREN-GUNNERS DID TO THAT GROUP OF NAZIS. HE WAS STILL SHAKEN BY THE SHELLING...

FINALLY, HE 'SURFACED'. SOME OF THE MEN NEAREST HIM BEGAN TO CHAFF HIM, THEN, ONE WANTED TO KNOW HIS HEIGHT AND PULLED AN OMINOUS FACE WHEN FLINT TOLD HIM...
SIX-FOOT-FOUR? COR, YOU AIN'T GOT A CHANCE, MATE! THE JERRIES 'LL KNOCK YOU OFF IN NO TIME.

THERE WAS MORE OF THE SAME KIND OF TALK, NOT CALCULATED TO ENCOURAGE THE LONG-LEGGED REPLACEMENT. HE WAS IN AMONGST A CROWD OF GRITTY REGULAR ARMY MEN. MOST OF THEM YOUNGER THAN HE, BUT 'OLD SWEATS' IN SOLDIER PARLANCE...
HEY, FLINT, DID I HEAR YOU SAY EARLIER ON THAT YOU WERE AN AUSSIE?
NO, I'VE SPENT MOST OF MY GROWN-UP LIFE HERDING CATTLE OR SHEEP IN AUSTRALIA OR NEW ZEALAND, AND MAYBE I SOUND LIKE A DINKUM AUSSIE. BUT I'M NO DIGGER. I WAS BORN IN ENGLAND.
YOU AIN'T NO DIGGER, AND THAT'S A FACT.


THEY WERE AS TOUGH A BUNCH AS YOU COULD WISH TO MEET—AND THEY WERE DISPOSED TO RAG FLINT UNMERCIFULLY. YET UNDER THEIR BANTER THEY WERE LIKE ELDER BROTHERS—READY AND WILLING TO GIVE GUIDANCE AND HELP...
FOR A BLOKE SIX-FOOT-FOUR, I'D SAY IT'S GOT TO BE A SIGHT DEEPER YET. WOULDN'T YOU, BURRIDGE?
YOU'RE RIGHT, DILLON.

THEY WERE MORE THAN VIGILANT IN LOOKING AFTER HIS INTERESTS, TOO... COACHING HIM PAST THE DEADLY HAZARDS OF HIS INEXPERIENCE — AS WHEN A VOICE CALLED OUT OF THE DARKNESS AN HOUR AFTER THE MOON HAD SET...

HELP ME, SOMEBODY! FOR PITY'S SAKE HELP ME! I'M BADLY WOUNDED. I CAN'T CRAWL ANY FARTHER. HELP ME!

FLINT RESPONDED TO THE APPEAL IN THAT HEART-RENDING, PAIN FILLED VOICE. HE STARTED TO CLIMB FROM HIS SLIT TRENCH. OTHER VOICES NEARER AT HAND PROMPTLY BELLOWED AT HIM!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, FLINT! STOP HIM, DILLON, FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!

YOU BET I WILL! FLINT, DON'T BE A BLOOMING MUD!

DILLON WAS SHORT, BUT SOLID. HE BULLETED INTO FLINT, SENDING HIM FLAT ON HIS FACE — JUST AS LIEUTENANT NOLAN, PLATOON COMMANDER, SENT UP A VERKEY LIGHT...

THE FLARE POPPED AND FLINT SAW A CLUSTER OF HEADS IN A HOLLOW A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HIM... THE HEADS OF A GERMAN OFFICER AND A FIGHTING-PATROL A DOZEN STRONG...

THE TRUCK DID NOT WORK! KASSELS— LIPPNER — JORGENS— FOLLOW ME! OUR ORDERS WERE TO SECURE A PRISONER FOR INFORMATION! THE REST OF YOU GIVE US COVERING FIRE!

THE NAZI OFFICER LUNGED FORWARD WITH THE TRIO HE HAD NAMED. SCHMEISSERS CLATTERED INTO ACTION AND A BREN STUTTERED OUT IN FEROCIOUS RESPONSE...

A LONG BURST FROM THE BREN-GUN THRASHED INTO THE QUARTET WHO WERE SURGING TOWARDS FLINT AND DILLON. THEY FOLDED UP GROTESQUELY...
AAAARGH!

THE NAZIS IN THE HOLLOW SWITCHED THEIR FIRE IN A MURDEROUS CONCENTRATION. THEY WERE ONLY A STONE'S THROW FROM THE FORWARD POSITIONS OF SIXTEEN PLATOON...

ONLY A STONE'S THROW... BUT IT WAS NO STONE THAT WENT LOBBING AT THOSE MEN OF THE AFRIKA KORPS IN THE FADING GLOW OF THE FLARE LIEUTENANT NOLAN HAD SENT UP.
MAYBE THIS MILLS THIRTY-SIX WILL TAKE THE STEAM OUT OF THOSE SO-AND-SO'S!

THE GRENADE PLUMPED DOWN INTO THE HOLLOW. THE DIP SEEMED TO BLOSSOM FRANTIC FIGURES—FIGURES THAT FANNED OUT IN A FLURRIED ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THE BLAST...

FOUR SURVIVED THE THUMPING CONCUSSION OF THE MILLS BOMB. THEY MELTED INTO THE DARKNESS WITH THE BLATTER OF RIFLE-SHOTS TO SPEED THEM ON THEIR WAY...

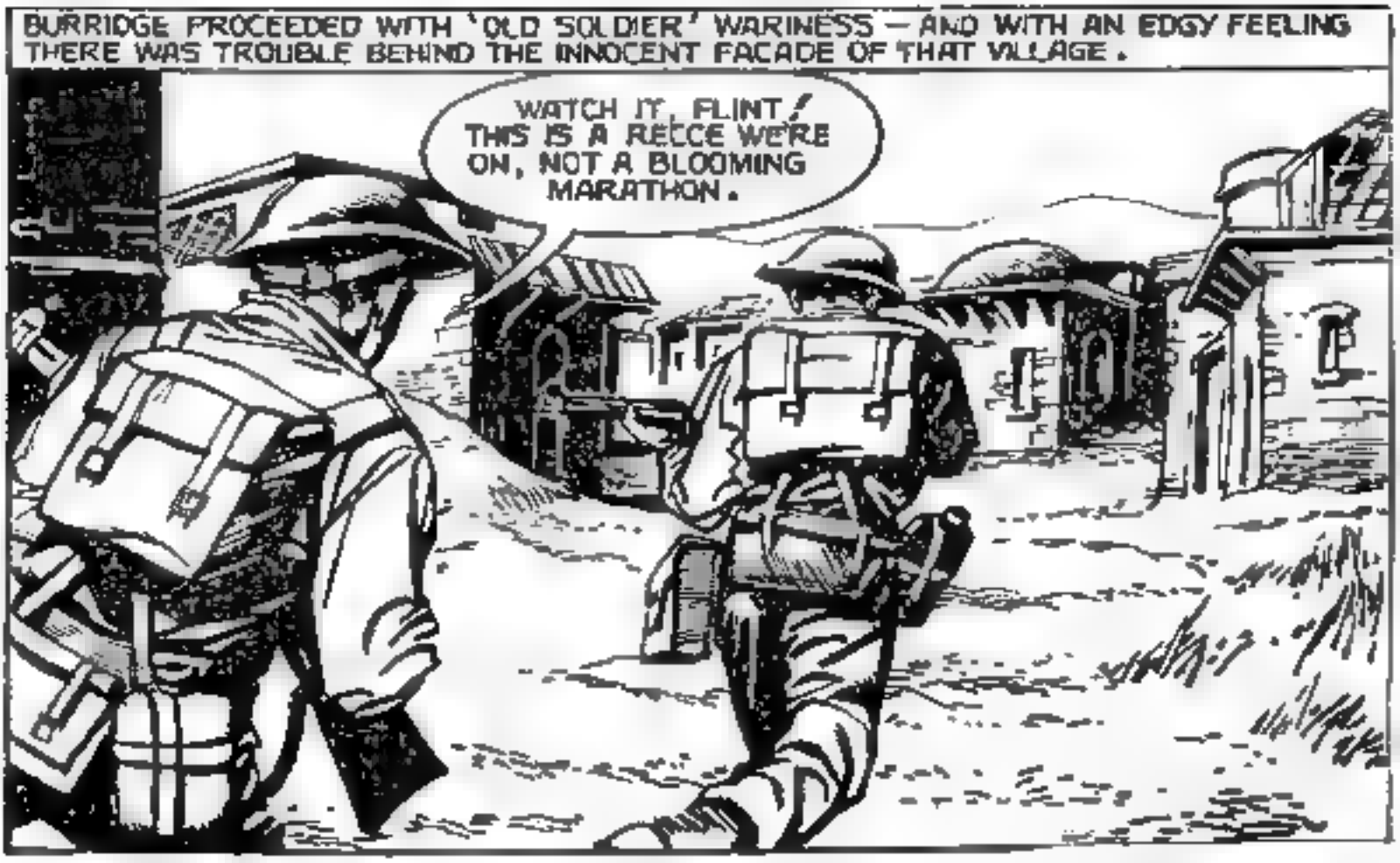
DO ME A FAVOUR, FLINT! NEVER FALL FOR ANY MORE DODGES LIKE THE ONE THOSE JERRIES TRIED TO PULL!

THE REST OF FLINT'S FIRST NIGHT IN THE LINE PASSED UNEVENTFULLY ENOUGH AND IN THE THRUST AND-PARRY OF THE DESERT CAMPAIGN HE SOON SAW OTHER PHASES OF ACTION.

NOT A SIGN OF A JERRY OR AN EYTIE IN TWO DAYS. IS IT RIGHT WE'VE GOT SEVENTH ARMOURED AND FIFTY DIV TO THANK FOR THIS, COBBER?

I'M CORPORAL TO YOU - NOT COBBER. YES, SEVENTH ARMOURED AND THE GEORDIES IN FIFTY DIV KNOCKED ROMMEL'S LOT BACK ON THEIR HEELS. BUT YOUR COLONIAL PALS DID THEIR STUFF, TOO!

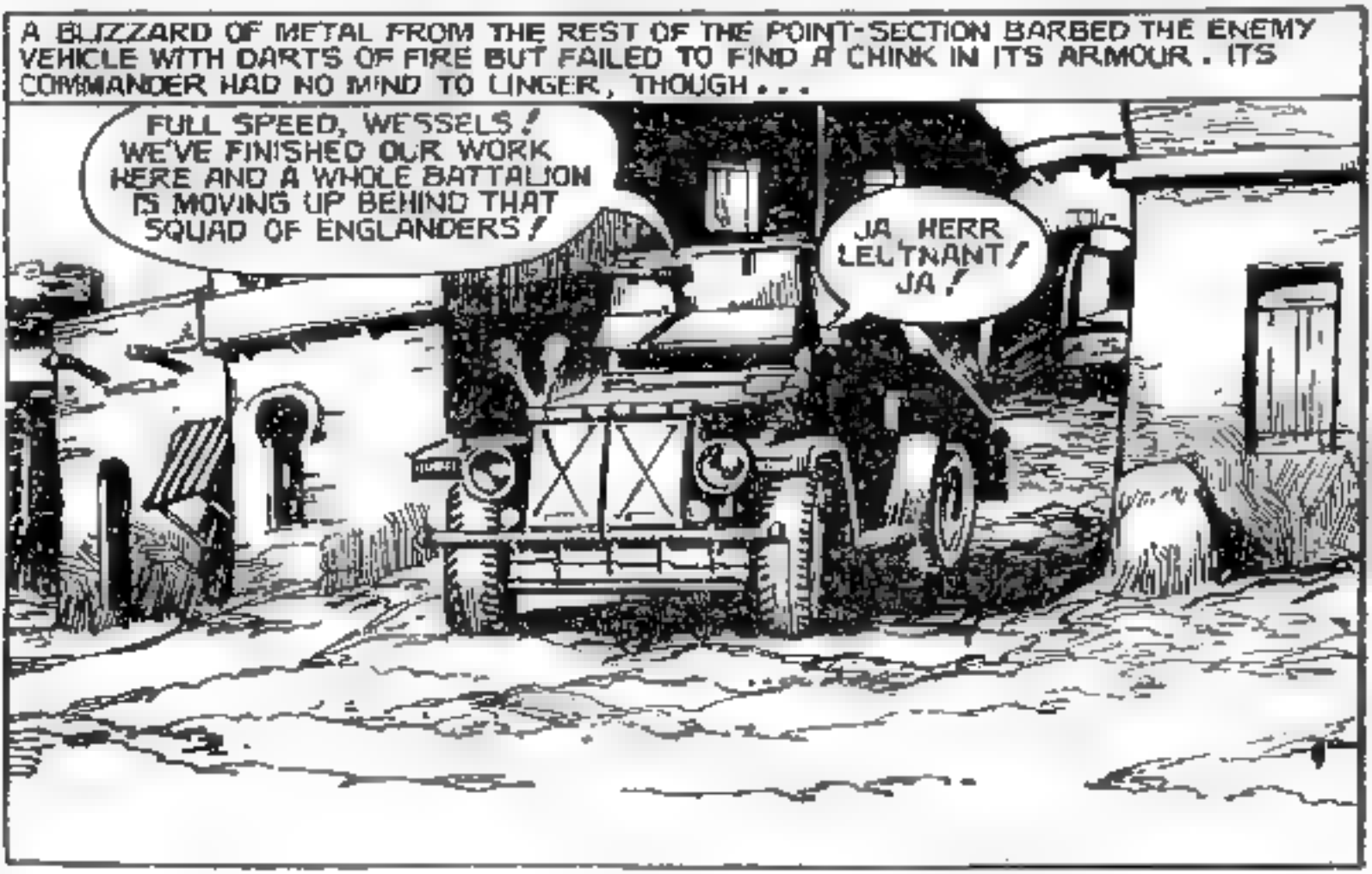
THE CORPORAL WAS IN CHARGE OF A FILE ACTING AS POINT-SECTION FOR THE BATTALION. AN ARAB VILLAGE LAY AHEAD. IT LOOKED DESERTED, BUT THE CORPORAL DETAILED TWO MEN AS SCOUTS TO MAKE SURE — BURRIDGE AND FLINT...
MY FEET ARE KILLING ME. I HOPE WE GET A CHANCE TO COOL OFF OUR DOGS SOMEWHERE IN THIS JOINT.
NEVER MIND YOUR PERISHING FEET. BELT UP AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.


BURRIDGE PROCEEDED WITH 'OLD SOLDIER' WARINESS — AND WITH AN EDGY FEELING THERE WAS TROUBLE BEHIND THE INNOCENT FACADE OF THAT VILLAGE.
WATCH IT, FLINT! THIS IS A RECCE WE'RE ON, NOT A BLOOMING MARATHON.

THEN IT HAPPENED, IN ONE BREATHLESS BLINK OF TIME! THE BROODING SILENCE WAS ABRUPTLY RIPPED ASUNDER BY THE SNARL OF A POWERFUL ENGINE — AND BY A YELL FROM BURRIDGE!
LOOK OUT, LOFTY! FLOP DOWN!

FLINT HIT THE GROUND WITHOUT QUEST ON — AND FAST! FAST ENOUGH TO CHEAT THE SQUIRT OF LEAD THAT COMBED THE AIR WITH SUDDEN DEATH!
ROLL OFF THE ROAD — QUICK! BEFORE THAT M-G LATCHES RIGHT ON TO US!

THE BURLY VETERAN ROLLED ONE WAY. FLINT SPUN IN THE OTHER DIRECTION. AN INSTANT LATER A SHIFT IN THE MACHINE-GUN'S AIM CHEWED WICKED FURROWS IN THE ROADWAY WHERE THEY HAD BEEN.


A BLIZZARD OF METAL FROM THE REST OF THE POINT-SECTION BARBED THE ENEMY VEHICLE WITH DARTS OF FIRE BUT FAILED TO FIND A CHINK IN ITS ARMOUR. ITS COMMANDER HAD NO MIND TO LINGER, THOUGH...
FULL SPEED, WESSELS! WE'VE FINISHED OUR WORK HERE AND A WHOLE BATTALION IS MOVING UP BEHIND THAT SQUAD OF ENGLANDERS!
JA HERR LEUTNANT! JA!

THE ARMOURED CAR FACED-ABOUT AND BANSHEED ITS WAY FROM THE VILLAGE IN A CLOUD OF DUST...
OKAY! NOW THAT A.F.V'S SCARPERED, I FANCY IT'S SAFE FOR US TO MOVE IN!

BURRIDGE'S JUDGMENT WAS CORRECT. THEY ENTERED A VILLAGE ENTIRELY ABANDONED TO THE ADVANCING BRITISH.
TAKE A GANDER AT THAT CAP, COBBER! SOME NAZI HIGH-UP WORE IT. YOU CAN TELL BY THE 'SCRAMBLED EGG' ON ITS PEAK. WHAT A SOUVENIR!

WHOEVER HAD WORN THAT GILDED HEADGEAR, IT WAS NOW MARKED DOWN AS A KEEPSAKE FOR PRIVATE FLINT. HE TOOK ONE STEP TOWARDS IT AND THEN...
HOLD IT, FLINT— HOLD IT!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

BUXRIDGE PITCHED A LUMP OF ROCK TOWARDS THE CAP AND DRAGGED HIS UNINITIATED COMRADE BEHIND COVER. THE STONE LANDED PLUMB ON FLINT'S COVETED MEMENTO WITH SHATTERING EFFECT!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? THERE WAS A PERISHING BOOBY-TRAP UNDER THAT JERRY GENERAL'S TIT-FOR-TAT! DON'T YOU GO FORAGING AROUND FOR JUNK TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, MATE!

BUT YOU HAD TO GIVE FLINT HIS DUE EVEN IN THE DAYS OF HIS 'APPRENTICESHIP' — HE WAS QUICK TO LEARN. FEW IN SIXTEEN PLATOON WERE MORE COMBAT-WISE THAN HE WHEN EL ALAMEIN WAS FOUGHT...

HANDS UP!

I'D MAKE THOSE THREE STICK THEIR HANDS BEHIND THEIR SQUARE HEADS IF I WAS NOLAN! SAFER THAT WAY!

FLINT HAD ACQUIRED A MISTRUSTFUL MIND. HE DETECTED A SUSPICIOUS MOVEMENT AND IN A FLASH, SNAPPED OFF A SWIFT SHOT...

DUCK!

HE HIT HIS TARGET, BUT NOT BEFORE A SMALL BLACK OBJECT SAILED THROUGH THE BATTLE-HAZE... A BAKELITE GRENADE, CAPTURED FROM THE BRITISH.

AAAAA!!

FLINT'S HACKLES ROSE IN A BLAZE OF ANGER AS HE SAW THE OTHER TWO NAZIS WERE SET ON FINISHING WHAT THE FIRST HAD BEGUN . . .

IN A SECOND, BOTH THE OTHER NAZIS TOPPLED BACK INTO THE WEAPON-PIT FROM WHICH THEY AND THEIR COMRADE HAD EMERGED. THEIR GRENADES FELL WITH THEM...

A DUAL BLAST OF FLAME LEAPT UP AS THE GRENADES DETONATED AND FLINT REELED AWAY, EAR-DRUMS RINGING WITH THE DOUBLE CONCUSSION...
I'VE HAD IT! GREAT GRIEF, I'VE HAD IT!
BUT HE HAD SUFFERED NOTHING WORSE THAN A COUPLE OF SINGED EYEBROWS TO SHOW HOW NARROWLY HE HAD ESCAPED DEATH OR INJURY.
HOW IS HE, SIR?
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, I THINK. WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HIM TO THE MEDICAL BOYS AND PRESS ON.
THEY MOVED FORWARD AGAIN, A HANDFUL OF MEN PLAYING THEIR PART IN A GREAT BATTLE THAT INVOLVED MANY THOUSANDS—ALL BUILDING UP TO A MASSIVE VICTORY...
SERGEANT, THAT FELLOW FLINT IS WORTH A STRIPE.
HE SEEMS TO HAVE GRIT AND INITIATIVE, SIR. BUT HE MIGHT BE A BIT TOO EASY-GOING, FOR AN N.C.O., I'D SAY.

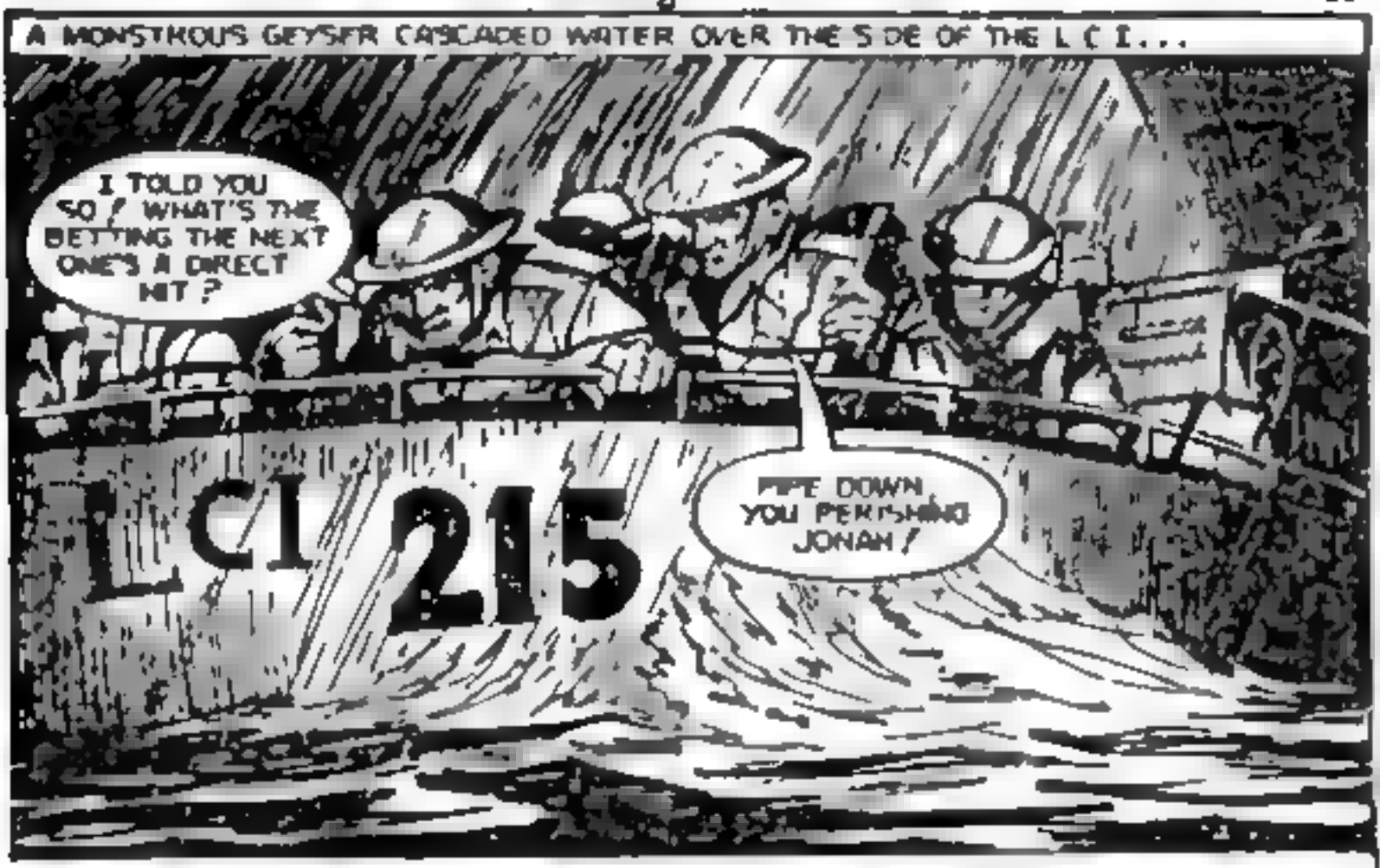
Chapter 2. ISLAND STRONGHOLD

THE NORTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN ENDED IN MAY, 1943. IN THE SECOND WEEK OF JULY, ANGLO-AMERICAN FORCES FLOWED ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN TOWARDS THE ISLAND STRONGHOLD OF SICILY.

CORPORAL FLINT WAS AMONG THOSE WHO WAITED WITH TIGHT-STRUNG NERVES IN ONE OF THE BARGES BEARING THE FIRST WAVE OF INFANTRY TOWARDS THAT HOSTILE SHORE...

A SEARCHLIGHT'S PICKED US UP! NOW WE'LL COP IT!

EVERY MAN IN THAT L.C.I. WAS UNDER THE STRESS OF THE TENSIONS THAT GRIP EVEN THE TOUGHEST OF COMBAT-VETERANS. STOMACH MUSCLES KNOTTED UP AS A SHELL CAME SHRIEKING THROUGH THE TUMULTUOUS NIGHT, SLAMMING INTO THE SEA ONLY A FEW FEET TO STARBOARD...


A MONSTROUS GEYSER CASCADED WATER OVER THE SIDE OF THE L C I...
I TOLD YOU SO! WHAT'S THE BETTING THE NEXT ONE'S A DIRECT HIT?
PIPE DOWN, YOU PERISHING JONAH!
LCI 215

A NAVY LIEUTENANT WAS IN CONTROL OF THE LANDING CRAFT. HE MANAGED TO SLIP HER CLEAR OF THE SEARCHLIGHT. SOON A SANDY BEACH BECAME VISIBLE — FRIGHTENINGLY WIDE AND EXPOSED — DESPERATELY UNINVITING!
ANY MOMENT NOW, COMRADES!

L.C.I. 215 PLOUGHED TO A HALT FIVE YARDS OFFSHORE. THE RAMP DROPPED. LIEUTENANT NOLAN BOUNDED KNEE-DEEP INTO THE FOAMING SURF. MEN SPILLED OUT AFTER HIM — AND UP IN THE DUNES, A SPANDAU YAMMERED SAVAGELY...

NOLAN MADE IT TO THE BEACH. SO DID HIS PLATOON SERGEANT...FLINT, DILLON, BURRIDGE AND A SCORE OF OTHERS...

THE SURVIVORS DEPLOYED AND SPRAWLED INTO FIRE-POSITIONS. BRENS AND RIFLES OPENED UP, FORCING THE GERMAN MACHINE GUNNERS TO KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN.
CORPORAL FLINT, FOLLOW ME WITH NUMBER ONE SECTION. WE'LL WORK A FLANKER. SERGEANT, YOU STAY HERE WITH THE REST OF THE LADS...

NOLAN AND HIS PARTY CIRCLED TO THE RIGHT IN A CROUCHING RUN. THE NAZIS JERKED UP INTO VIEW AGAIN ONLY WHEN THE COVERING FIRE CEASED...

Bulldog Breed

IT WAS A RIFLEMAN OF SIXTEEN PLATOON WHO LAID EYES ON THE AREA WHERE THAT PARTICULAR AMERICAN COLONEL AND THE REMNANTS OF HIS UNIT HAD BEEN COMPELLED TO SURRENDER...
HEY, LOFTY!
ANY TIME
YOU'VE SOMETHING TO SAY TO ME, DILLON YOU'LL GIVE ME MY RANK! IF I EVER HEAR ANYBODY IN THIS SECTION USE THAT NICKNAME AGAIN, I'LL JUMP ON HIM!

DILLON PURSED HIS LIPS. BEHIND FLINT, THE OTHERS IN THE SECTION EXCHANGED WRY GLANCES...
WHAT TWO STRIPES CAN DO TO A BLOKE! THAT SO AND SO ALWAYS SEEMS TO THINK HE'S ON PARADE!
WE USED TO LIKE THE COVE, BURRIDGE, BUT NOT ANY MORE!

FLINT JOINED DILLON. THE REMAINDER OF HIS SUBORDINATES MOVED UP IN A DISGRUNTLED FASHION...
CORPORAL, I'VE A NASTY FEELING EVERYTHING AIN'T RIGHT OUT THERE. I DECIDED I'D BETTER GET THE SECTION TO COVER ME BEFORE I WENT ANY FURTHER.
YOU DECIDED? LISTEN, DILLON, YOU DID RIGHT, BUT I'M THE ONE TO MAKE DECISIONS—AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

DILLON GLOWERED. IT WAS A PITY HE COULD NOT HAVE READ WHAT WAS N FLINT'S MIND AT THAT MOMENT...

IT LOOKS OKAY, BUT I'M HANGED IF I'LL LET DILLON OR ANY OF THE OTHERS RUN THE RISK OF MAK NG SURE. THEY WERE MY MATES BEFORE I HAD TO CLAMP DOWN ON 'EM AS THEIR SECTION-LEADER — AND BY GOLLY, NO GREENHORN EVER HAD A BETTER BUNCH OF MATES...

FLINT STOOD UP — BRUSQUELY ORDERED HIS BREN-GUNNER AND RIFLEMEN TO STAY PUT AND WATCH THEIR FRONT. A STRIDE OR TWO — AND HE HAD THRESHED THROUGH TO THE OPEN GROUND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TREES...

AT NO GREAT DISTANCE, SOMETHING GLINTED IN THE SUNLIGHT. FLINT MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING, FLINGING HIMSELF FULL LENGTH EVEN AS A BURST OF FIRE R PPED OUT!

HE HIT THE GROUND WITH A JARRING THUMP, DIVING FOR A SLIGHT DIP HE HAD NOTICED EARLIER . . .
CLOBBER THAT JERRY, MATES! QUICK — BEFORE HE GETS FLINT!

EVERY MAN IN THE SECTION GUESSED WHY FLINT HAD PICKED HIMSELF FOR A ROLE HE WOULD HAVE BEEN JUSTIFIED IN DELEGATING TO SOMEONE ELSE. NONE APPRECIATED IT MORE THAN DILLON . . .
FLINT'S COPPED A PACKET! HE MUST HAVE! CORPORAL FLINT, ARE YOU HIT BAD..?
NOT EVEN SCRATCHED! STOP NATTERING, DILLON! KEEP YOUR MIND ON THOSE NAZIS!

GERMAN RIFLES AND LIGHT AUTOMATICS WERE SOON IN ACTION, TOO, AND THE FIRE OF FLINT'S SECTION WAS SMOTHERED . . .
THEY'RE TOO MANY FOR US! SHOVE YOUR HEADS DOWN! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR MISTER NOLAN AND THE REST OF THE PLATOON TO SHOW UP!

WITH THREE BRENS AND A SCORE OF RIFLES BELTING OUT BEHIND HIM, HE THOUGHT HE HAD A BETTER-THAN-EVEN BREAK THEN. YET A TEMPEST OF NAZI LEAD SNAPPED ABOUT HIS HEELS AS HE NIPPED BACK...

HIS LUCK HELD. HE REJOINED THE PLATOON — HEARD HIS LIEUTENANT SING OUT...

NOLAN SPOKE QUIETLY BUT REPROVINGLY...

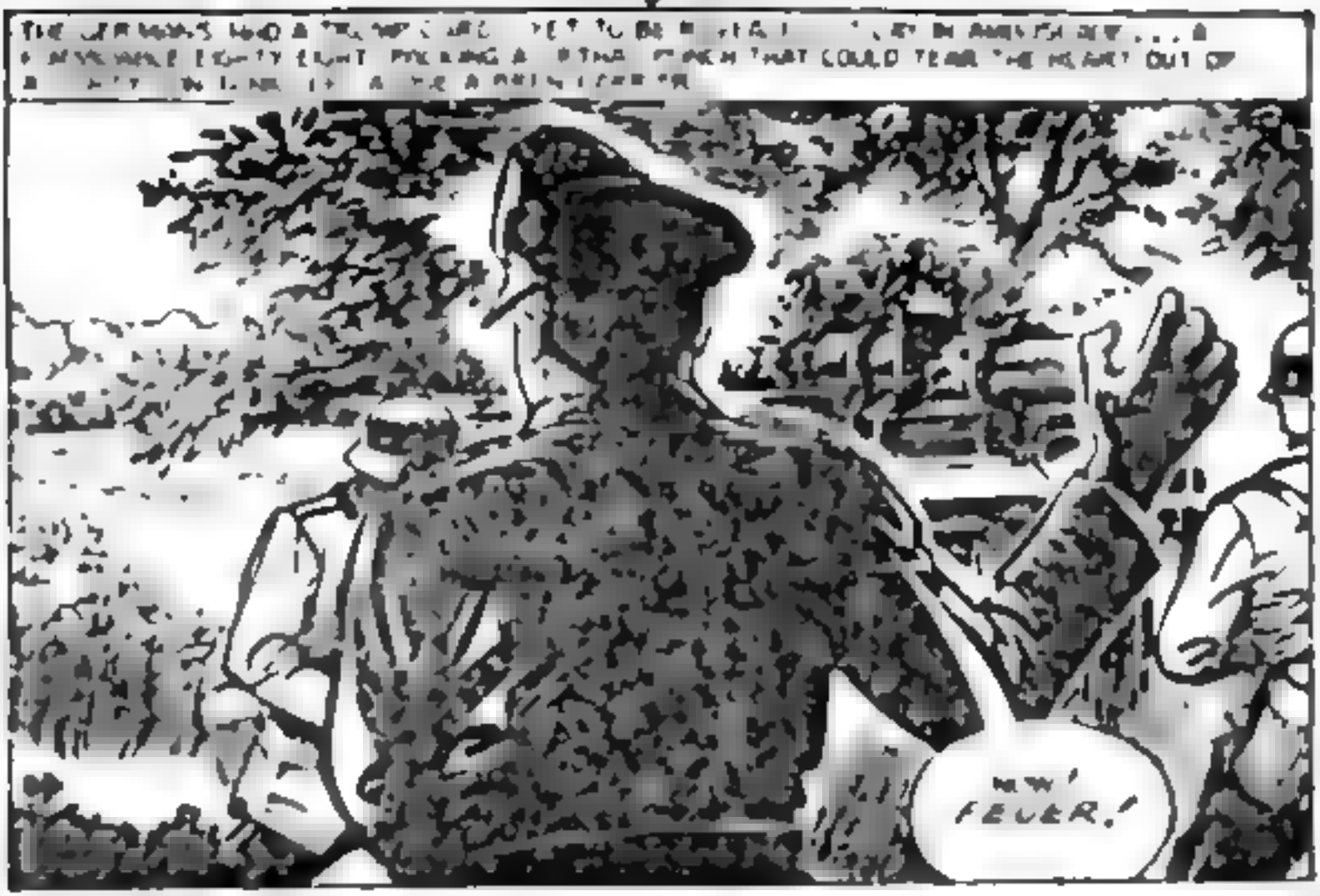
FLINT WANTED TO SAY HE DID NOT FANCY SETTING UP ANY ONE OF HIS MEN AS A CLAY-PIGEON E'THER. BUT NOLAN GAVE HIM NO OPPORTUNITY TO CHIP IN...
GOOD N.C.O.S ARE'NT SO PLENTIFUL THAT ANY UNIT CAN AFFORD TO HAVE THEM THROW THEMSELVES AWAY. REMEMBER THAT.
THE LIEUTENANT'S RIGHT, BURRIDGE BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS MUCH. FROM NOW ON I'LL CLOCK ANYBODY THAT SAYS A WORD AGAINST FLINT!

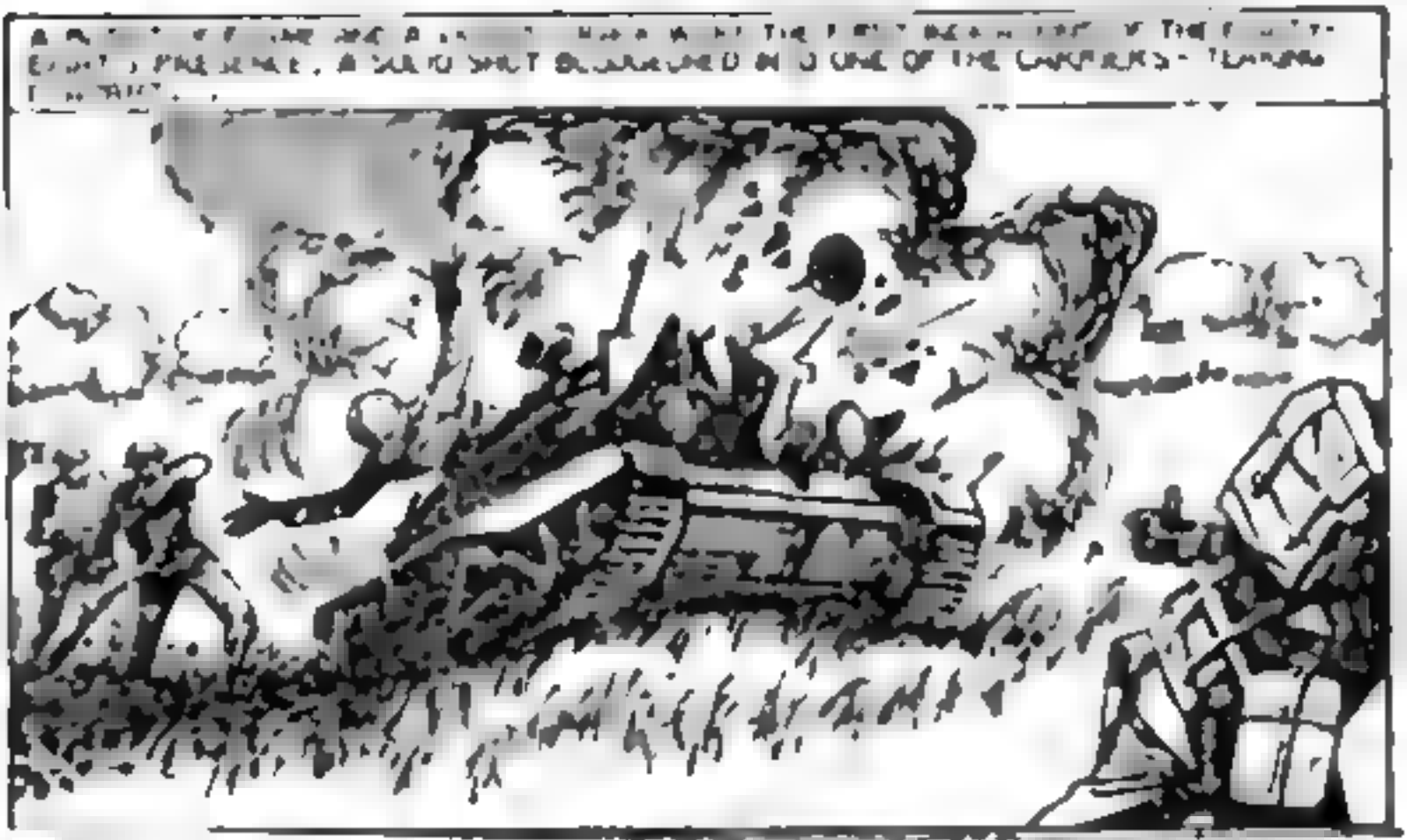
NOLAN SENT BACK A RADIO SIGNAL, REPORTING ENEMY OPPOSITION IN SUFFICIENT FORCE TO WARRANT A HEAVIER ATTACK THAN HIS UNDER-STRENGTH PLATOON COULD MOUNT...
ALL RIGHT, LADS, CEASE FIRE. NO SENSE IN WASTING AMMO. I'VE JUST HAD A MESSAGE FROM BATTALION HEADQUARTERS - THREE CARRIERS ARE BEING DIVERTED HERE TO HELP US OUT.

THE CARRIERS ARRIVED IN NO TIME. NOLAN HELD A HURRIED CONFERENCE WITH A SECOND LIEUTENANT IN CHARGE OF THEM. THE SQUAT LITTLE VEHICLES BUSTLED FORWARD, BRENS STUTTERING... THE PLATOON STARTED AFTER THEM...

THOSE CARRIERS SEEMED TO PROVIDE THE ANSWER - AT FIRST. THEIR ARMOUR GAVE THEIR CREWS A PROTECTION THAT COUNTER-BALANCED THE ADVANTAGE THE NAZIS HAD HELD IN THEIR SLIT-TRENCHES. COAL-SCUTTLE HELMETS BOBBED DOWN OUT OF SIGHT...

KEEP LOW, COMRADES. WE CAN AFFORD TO WAIT. THE ENGLANDERS ARE IN FOR A SURPRISE.


NOW! FEVER!



THE SECOND-LIEUTENANT IN COMMAND OF THE CARRIERS HAD ONLY ONE COURSE OPEN TO HIM, SHORT OF INVITING OUTRIGHT SLAUGHTER...
WE CAN'T COPE WITH AN ANT-TANK GUN, NOLAN, WE'VE GOT TO PULL BACK!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR IT!

THE SURVIVING CARRIERS WERE SWUNG ROUND, THEIR DRIVERS WEAVING FOR THE TREES AND UNDERGROWTH THEY HAD LEFT A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE. NOLAN AND HIS MEN WITHDREW IN RAPID BUT ORDERLY RETREAT...

NOT ALL OF THOSE WHO HAD ADVANCED FROM THE STRIP OF WOODLAND REGAINED IT. GERMAN RIFLES AND AUTOMATIC WEAPONS WERE CURRY COMBING THE AIR ONCE MORE. NOLAN AND HIS PLATOON H.Q. GROUP WERE CAUGHT IN THE OPEN...
AAAAH!

FLINT MADE FOR THEM. DILLON BURRIDGE AND TWO MORE OF HIS SECTION DOUBLED AFTER HIM. COWERING UNDER A HAIL OF BULLETS THEY DRAGGED THE LIEUTENANT AND THE MORTAR MEN THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH.
NEVER MIND ME. WHAT ABOUT SERGEANT HOLLISTER — AND MUNRO?
THEY'VE HAD IT, SIR... BOTH OF THEM...

ONCE UNDER COVER, THE CASUALTIES WERE GIVEN FIRST-AID. SICK WITH PAIN, NOLAN SPOKE TO THE SUBALTERN IN CHARGE OF THE CARRIERS...
BETWEEN US, WE COULD HAVE WIPED UP THOSE JERRIES IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT DARNED ANTI-TANK GUN.
I KNOW, AND WE'RE STUCK HERE TILL SOMETHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT. THE TROUBLE IS, THE BATTALION'S COMMITTED TO DEALING WITH OTHER ENEMY STRONGPOINTS.
EXCUSE ME BUTTING IN SIR! I'VE A NOTION THAT MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.

NOLAN APPROVED FLINT'S IDEA AND HE DETAILED BURRIDGE AND DILLON TO CO OPERATE. WITHIN MINUTES, THE CORPORAL WAS READY TO ACT ON IT...
DON'T FORGET, DILLON, I'M RELYING ON YOU AS AN OBSERVER AS WELL AS AN AIMING-MARK. NOW MAKE SURE YOU'RE DIRECTLY BETWEEN ME AND THE SPOT WHERE WE SAW THE FLASH OF THAT EIGHTY-EIGHT, THEN WATCH FOR THE STRIKE OF THE BOMBS.
I GET YOU, CORPORAL.

DILLON POSTED HIMSELF TO HIS SATISFACTION. FLINT TRIGGERED A BOMB — A PAUSE OF A FEW SECONDS... THE CRUMP OF A CONCUSSION...
DOWN FIFTY, CORPORAL... BUT YOU'RE DEAD-RIGHT FOR DIRECTION...
A SECOND BOMB WENT SOARING TO STRIKE FIFTY YARDS SHORT THIS TIME, ACCORDING TO DILLON... AND A NAZI OFFICER COULD HAVE VERIFIED THAT...
IF ONLY WE COULD PINPOINT THE ENGLANDERS' MORTAR! CHANGE OVER TO HIGH-EXPLOSIVE AND WE'LL TRY!
A SHELL FROM THE EIGHTY-EIGHT CAME SCREAMING OVER THE TREES AND SLAMMED INTO THE EARTH TO GEYSER FLAME AND DEBRIS. FLINT TRIGGERED A THIRD BOMB...
WE DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH AMMO, CORPORAL. I HOPE DILLON'S GOT A GOOD EYE FOR DISTANCE.
AND I HOPE I HAVEN'T LOST MY TOUCH.

THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH DILLON'S SENSE OF DISTANCE OR FLINT'S HANDLING OF A MORTAR. THAT THIRD BOMB PROVED IT!
A BULLSEYE! BANG ON THE TARGET!

FLINT SENT OVER A FOURTH BOMB FOR GOOD MEASURE. IT WAS ANOTHER DIRECT HIT AND IT EXPLODED THE EIGHTY-EIGHT'S DUMP OF SHELLS...

FLINT REVERTED TO THE FUNCTION OF SECTION-LEADER THEN—TO PLAY HIS PART IN A SECOND SET-PIECE ATTACK HEADED BY CARRIERS. THIS TIME THE ENEMY SLIT-TRENCHES WERE SHOT UP AND OVERRUN IN TEARAWAY STYLE...
DON'T SHOOT, KAMERAD! DON'T SHOOT!
NO TRICKS, FRITZ, OR I'LL STITCH YOUR WAIST-BELT WITH SLUGS!

THE OPPOSITION WAS SPEEDILY OVERCOME. BEFORE LONG, A SQUAD OF GERMANS MARCHED SOUTHWARD FROM THAT CONCRETE AREA—AS CAPTIVES, BURDENED WITH WOUNDED...
I'LL GET THESE PRISONERS AND THE CASUALTIES BACK TO BATTALION HEADQUARTERS, CORPORAL. WE'LL PICK UP BISTER NOLAN AND THOSE TWO MORTARMEN ON THE WAY.

...AND IN DUE COURSE THE OFFICER SUBMITTED A REPORT TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER, GIVING A FULL ACCOUNT OF ALL THAT HAD TRANSPIRED.
SIXTEEN PLATOON'S IN GOOD HANDS, SIR. AS ITS SENIOR N.C.O. NOW, THAT CHAP FLINT IS REORGANISING WHAT'S LEFT OF IT. HE'S FIRST-RATE, SIR.
FROM WHAT YOU'VE JUST TOLD ME, HE CERTAINLY SEEMS TO QUALIFY FOR A THIRD STRIPE.

THERE WAS STILL HARD FIGHTING TO BE DONE BEFORE THE BATTALION COMMANDER, WAS ABLE TO GIVE FORMAL RECOGNITION OF OUTSTANDING SERVICES IN THE FIELD, THOUGH. NOT TILL SICILY WAS WON AND THE UNIT WAS IN A REST-CAMP DID HE FIND TIME TO SEE FLINT...
FLINT, YOU'RE IMPROPERLY DRESSED.
IMPROPERLY DRESSED, SIR?
IT'S JUST A JOKE ON THE ADJUTANT'S PART, FLINT. IT'S HIS WAY OF TELLING YOU THAT YOU EVIDENTLY HAVEN'T READ DAILY ROUTINE ORDERS YET — OR YOU'D BE WEARING A SERGEANT'S CHEVRONS.

THE COLONEL WENT ON TO COMMEND FLINT FOR HIS FINE RECORD IN ACTION AND TO OFFER HIM A CHANCE OF TRANSFERRING TO ANOTHER PLATOON...

WELL, SIR, WHEN I WAS MADE UP TO CORPORAL IT WAS A BIT TRICKY— BOSSING MEN WHO'D BEEN MY MATES. THEY'RE A GRAND BUNCH, BUT I HAD TO COME DOWN ON THEM PRETTY HEAVILY BEFORE THEY GOT USED TO MY NEW GRADING. I'M NOT SURE THEY'RE USED TO IT YET...

FLINT ASKED IF HE COULD DELAY HIS DECISION AND THE REQUEST WAS GRANTED. BACK IN A BELL-TENT THAT SERVED AS HIS QUARTERS, HE PONDERED THE QUESTION...

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT— A PLATOON SERGEANT'S GOT TO TAKE AN EVEN TOUGHER LINE THAN A CORPORAL. MEN THAT REMEMBER ME AS A PRIVATE ARE BOUND TO WIND UP BY HATING ME...

FLINT DID NOT KNOW IT, BUT A DEPUTATION WAS APPROACHING HIS TENT. IT CONSISTED OF MEN WHO HAD SAMPLED HIM AS A CORPORAL AND KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT FROM HIM AS A SERGEANT.

SERGEANT, COULD WE SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE?

REMEMBER, YOU BLOKES— WE'RE SET ON SHOWING FLINT EXACTLY WHERE WE STAND. IF HE TRIES TO BAWL US OUT, WE'LL STILL SPEAK OUR PIECE— SERGEANT OR NO SERGEANT!

FLINT EMERGED FROM HIS TENT. DILLON STOOD TO ATTENTION, THE VERY PICTURE OF SOLDIERLY CORRECTNESS...

WE'VE JUST HEARD ABOUT THE THIRD TAPE... BUT WHAT'S THIS ABOUT YOU LEAVING US TO GO TO 'C' COMPANY? WE RECKON YOU BLOOMING WELL OWE IT TO US TO STAY ON WITH SIXTEEN PLATOON!

AND THAT GOES FOR ALL OF US... SERGEANT...

FLINT WAS TAKEN ABACK — AND TOUCHED BY THAT DISPLAY OF ESTEEM FOR HIM.

THANKS — COBBERS... I APPRECIATE THIS... MORE THAN I CAN SAY...

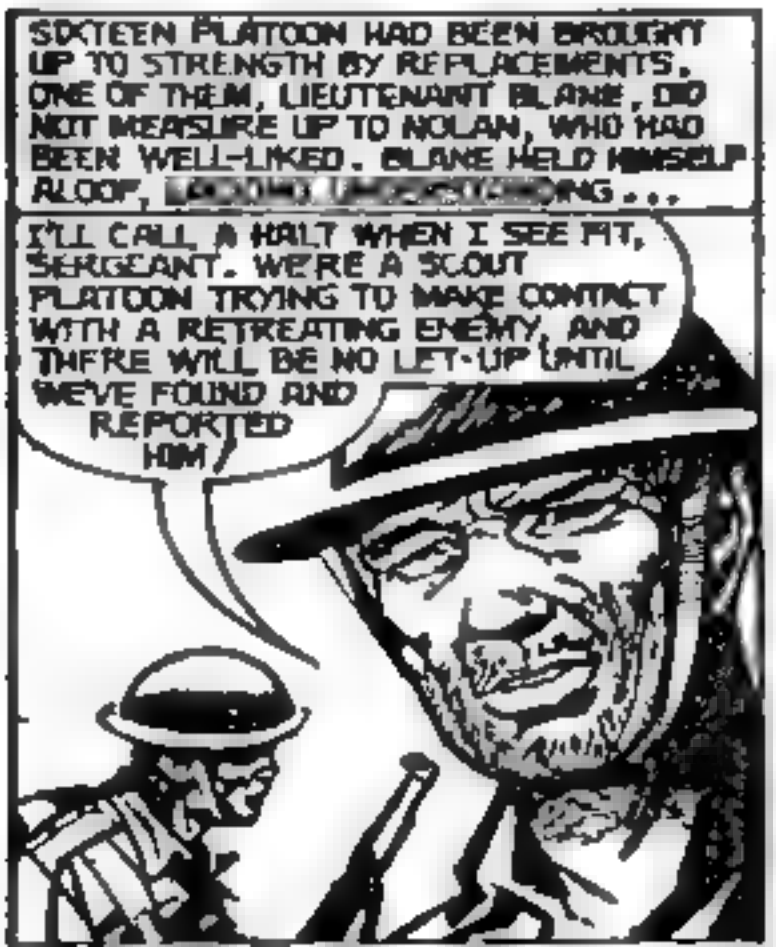
COBBERS, HE HAD CALLED THEM — THE WORD HAD SLIPPED OUT, ALMOST BEFORE HE COULD CHECK IT. HE QUICKLY REASSERTED HIMSELF AS AN N.C.O...

BUT WHO TOLD YOU I WAS LEAVING SIXTEEN PLATOON? I NEVER EVEN GAVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT! AND WHAT THE BLAZES D'YOU MEAN BY WAKING ME UP FROM A KIP? *GET TO HECK OUT OF HERE! GO ON, BEAT IT!*

YES, SERGEANT...

SURE, SERGEANT! COME ON, YOU BLOKES ... SCARPER!

Chapter 3. LAST MAN—LAST ROUND



THAT WAS SERGEANT FLINT... A HARD CASE... BUT THERE WAS IN HIM, TOO, THE DEEP CORE OF CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS THAT WINS THE DEVOTION OF SUBORDINATES...
SERGEANT, I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. YOU'LL HAVE THE SCRIMSHANKERS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF YOU IF YOU PAMPER THEM.
EVEN BLANE SHOULD KNOW THAT THE SCRIMSHANKER WHO COULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME HASN'T BEEN BORN YET—NOT THAT THERE ARE ANY IN THIS PLATOON.

FLINT NOTICED A STONE WALL ON THE SKYLINE. HE WISHED HE HAD TIME TO TAKE A LOOK OVER IT BEFORE THE FORWARD SECTIONS REACHED IT. BUT HE REMEMBERED HOW NOLAN HAD REBUKED HIM FOR ASSUMING THE TASK OF SCOUT...
HOLDING BACK ON THE LINE OF ADVANCE WHEN WE'RE EXPECTING TO BUMP THE OPPOSITION... THAT'S SOMETHING I'LL NEVER GET USED TO...

THE FORWARD SECTIONS SURMOUNTED THE WALL AND STARTED ACROSS A STRETCH OF OPEN GROUND SCARRED BY A SYSTEM OF SLIT-TRENCHES THAT HAD BEEN DESERTED BY THE ENEMY...
THAT RIDGE, MATES — IT'S STIFF WITH JERRIES!

THE SHARP CRACKLE OF SMALL ARMS' FIRE CARRIED TO THE EARS OF LIEUTENANT BLANE AND HIS GROUP.
LOOK AT THE IDIOTS! THEY'RE FLOPPING DOWN OUT THERE IN THE OPEN — WHEN A SHORT DASH WOULD TAKE THEM INTO THE SHELTER OF THOSE SLITS!
THEY MIGHT BE SAFER WHERE THEY ARE, SIR...AND BETTER OFF, STILL, IF THEY COULD SKIP BACK HERE.

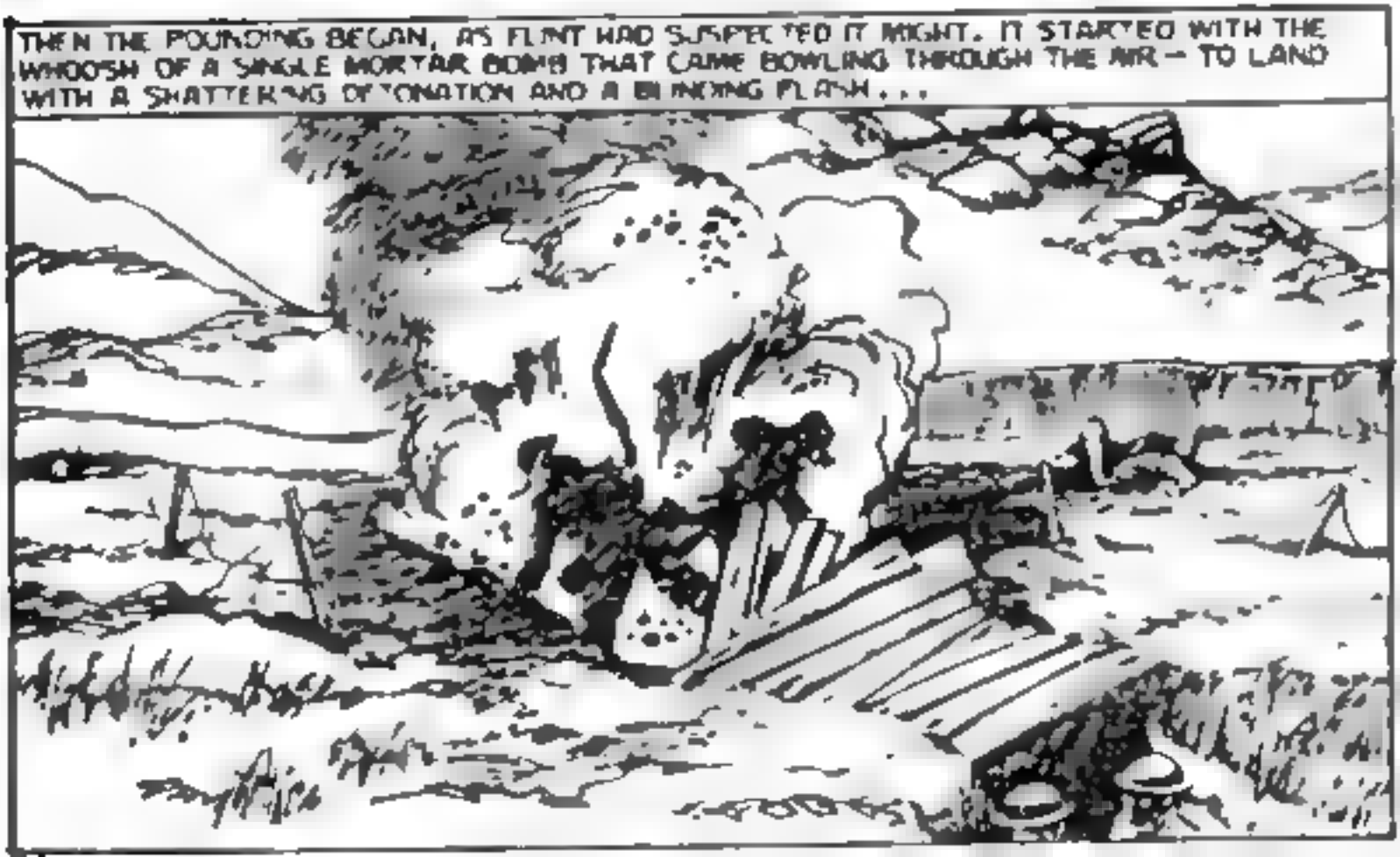
FLINT WANTED TO EXPLAIN IT WAS THE HABIT OF THE GERMANS TO ZERO THEIR HEAVY WEAPONS BEFOREHAND ON ANY POSITIONS THEY ABANDONED. BUT BLANE CUT HIM SHORT IRRITABLY...
DON'T TALK NONSENSE, SERGEANT! AND DON'T ARGUE!

WHATEVER HIS FAILINGS, BLANE WAS NO COWARD. HE SHINNED OVER THE WALL AND CHARGED FORWARD TO TAKE CONTROL, SHOUTING AS HE RAN...
GET UP, CONFOUND YOU! MAKE FOR THE SLITS IN FRONT OF YOU!

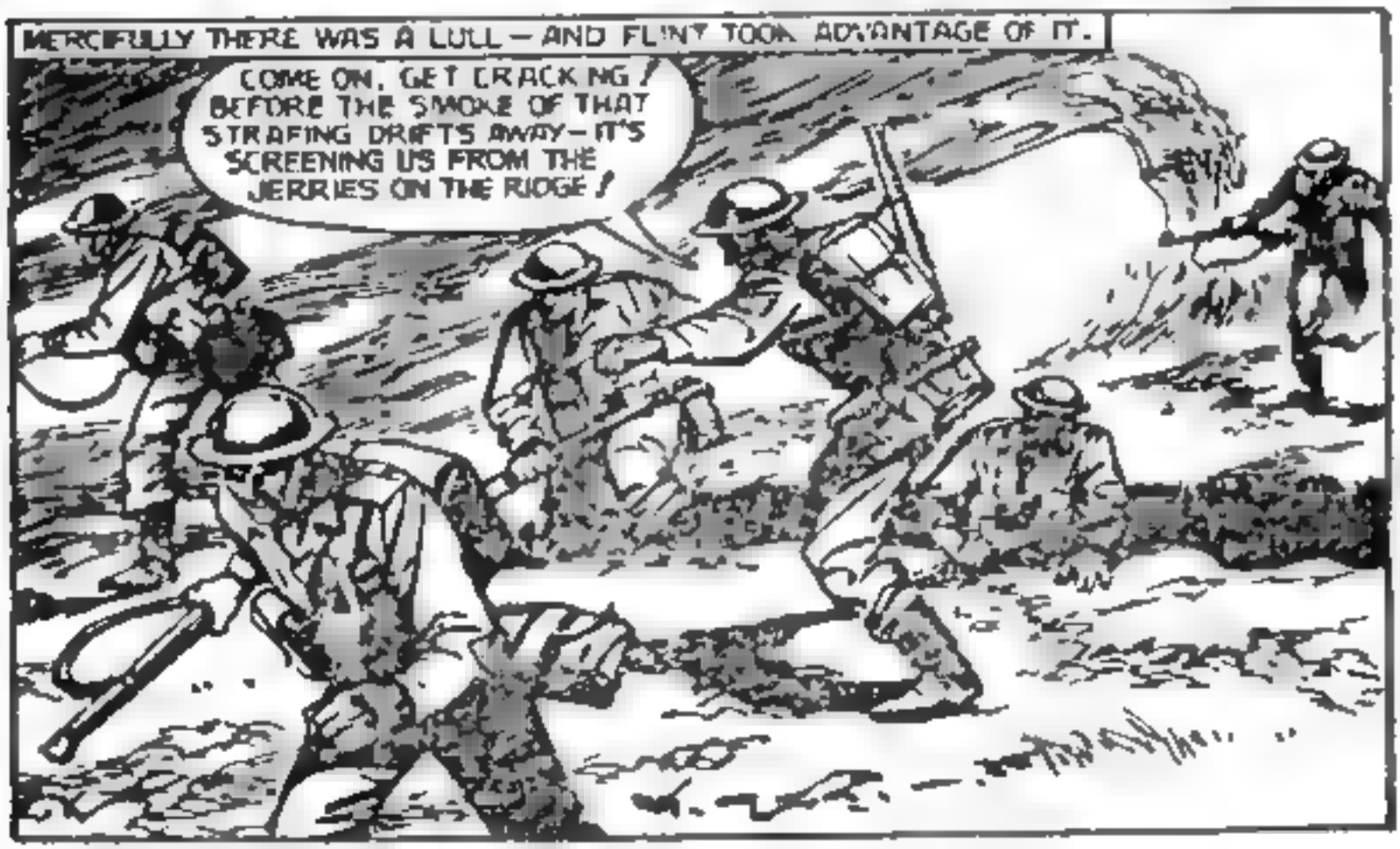
THE MEN OF THE SECTIONS OBEYED, SCURRYING OUT OF THE COVER THEY HAD FOUND FOR THEMSELVES. MOST OF THEM REACHED THE SLITS—SOME DID NOT...

...AND BLANE WAS ONE WHO WAS HIT.
AAAAH! I'M HIT, SERGEANT!

FLINT GRABBED HIM—PULLED HIM UNDER COVER. FOSTER AND THE OTHER TWO MEN OF PLATOON HEADQUARTERS JOINED HIM. FOSTER LOOKED AS BLANCO-WHITE AS A MILITARY POLICEMAN'S BELT AND GAITERS.
HERE, FOSTER, TAKE YOUR RIFLE. YOU'LL VERY LIKELY NEED IT.
Y-YES SERGEANT...


THEN THE POUNDING BEGAN, AS FLINT HAD SUSPECTED IT MIGHT. IT STARTED WITH THE WHOOSH OF A SINGLE MORTAR BOMB THAT CAME BOWLING THROUGH THE AIR— TO LAND WITH A SHATTERING DETONATION AND A BLINDING FLASH...

IT WAS THE HARBINGER OF A WHOLE SALVO OF HEAVY MORTAR FIRE... SUDDEN AND ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH BECAUSE THE NAZIS HAD THE RANGE WITH SPOT ON ACCURACY!
I KNEW IT! IF ONLY BLAKE HAD LISTENED! BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW! YOU CAN'T PULL MEN OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BOMBARDMENT LIKE THAT.


MERCIFULLY THERE WAS A LULL — AND FLINT TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT.
COME ON, GET CRACKING! BEFORE THE SMOKE OF THAT STRAFING DRIFTS AWAY — IT'S SCREENING US FROM THE JERRIES ON THE RIDGE!

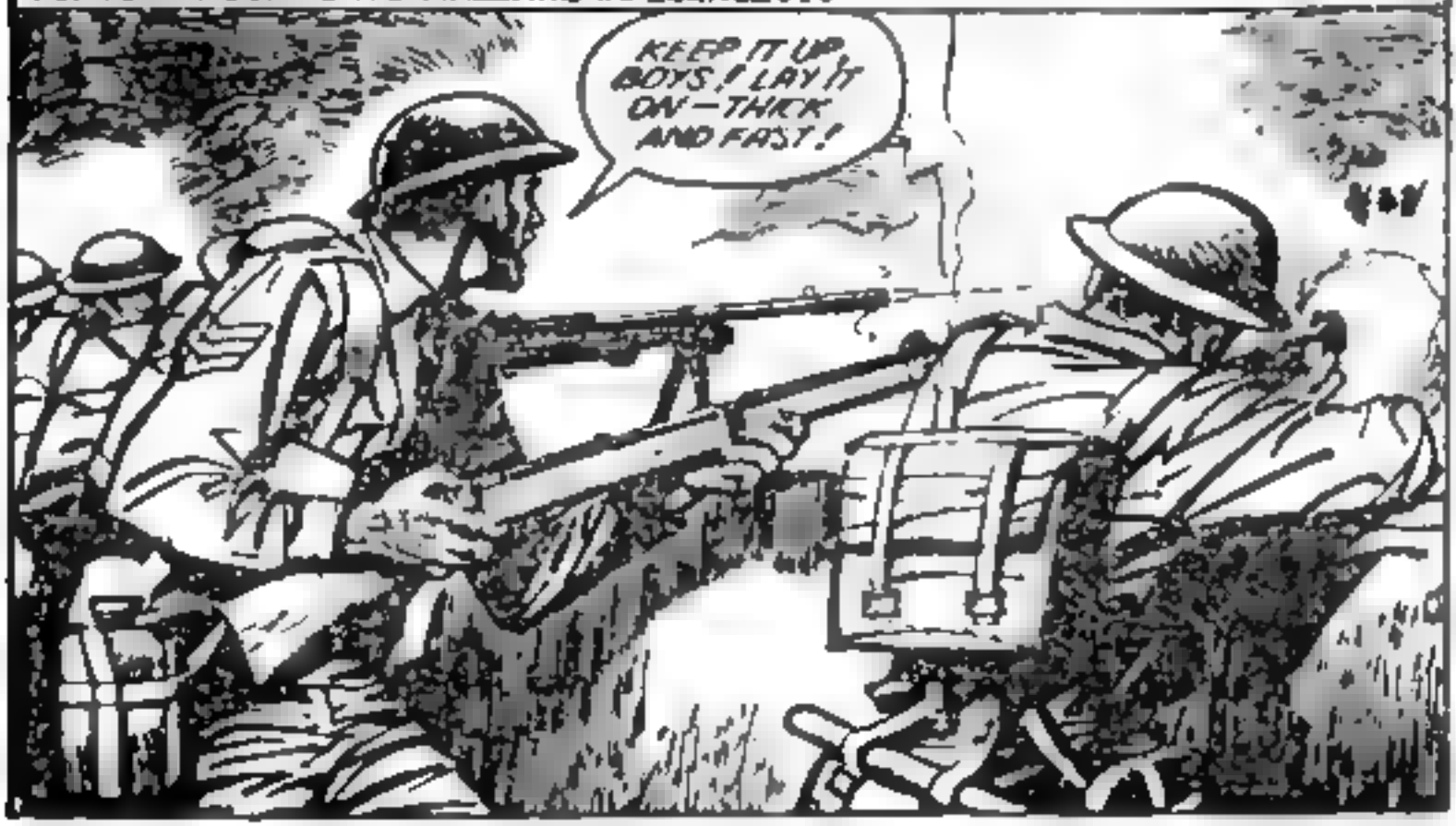
THE MEN RACED BACK TO THE WALL AND CLAMBERED OVER ON TO THE BLIND SIDE OF IT. FLINT WAS THE LAST TO REGAIN IT.

IN POINT OF FACT, THE NAZIS WASTED FIFTEEN MINUTES OF THEIR TIME IN A FEROCIOUS BATTERING OF THE 'DEATH-TRAP' FOXHOLES. THEN THE BARRAGE CEASED AND ENEMY INFANTRY SWARMED IN THROUGH THE FOG OF COMBAT...

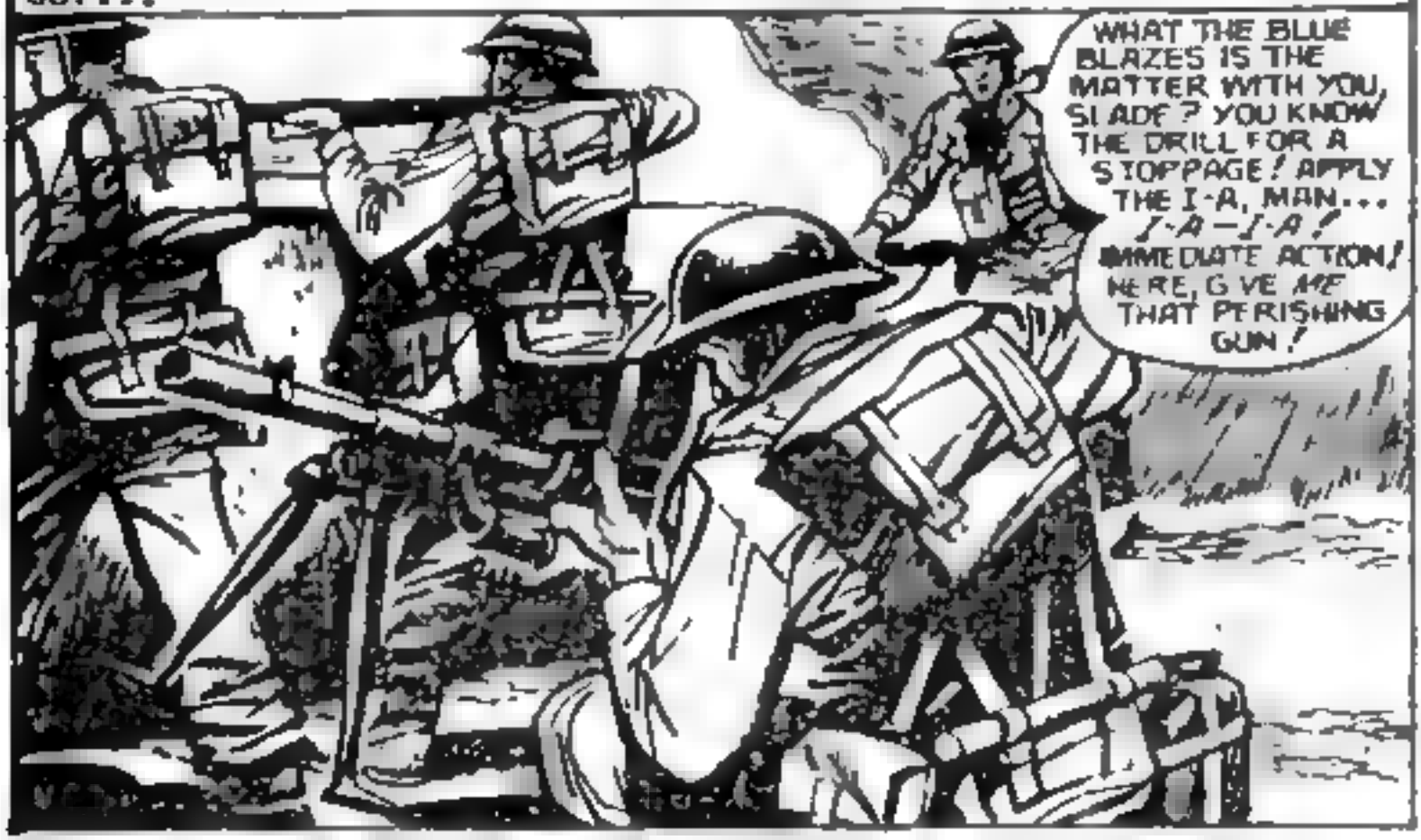
BRENS, RIFLES, TOMMY GUNS HURLED A TORRENT OF LEAD AT THE ENEMY AND THE LITTLE TWO-INCH MORTAR ADDED ITS LETHAL QUOTA TO THE PLATOON'S FIRE-POWER...

BUT THE GERMANS WERE TOP-GRADE SOLDIERS. GUTTURAL WORDS OF COMMAND RALLIED THEM FOR AN ASSAULT AGAINST THE WALL.
FORWARD FOR THE FUEHRER AND THE FATHERLAND!

[redacted] BAWLED ENCOURAGEMENT ABOVE THE BATTLE-CLAMOUR — IN A VOICE AS STIRRING AS A BUGLE-CALL. EVEN THE NEWEST OF THE MEN IN THE PLATOON ROSE TO ITS RALLYING INFLUENCE...



ALL THE SAME, FLINT COULD STILL BE A TARTAR. THE FIERCE BROIL OF COMBAT DID NOT BLIND HIM TO FAULT-FINDING — AS ONE MAN WITH A JAMMED BREN FOUND OUT...



CLEARED IT WITHIN SECONDS —
A SHORT BURST INTO THE ONCOMING ENEMY—

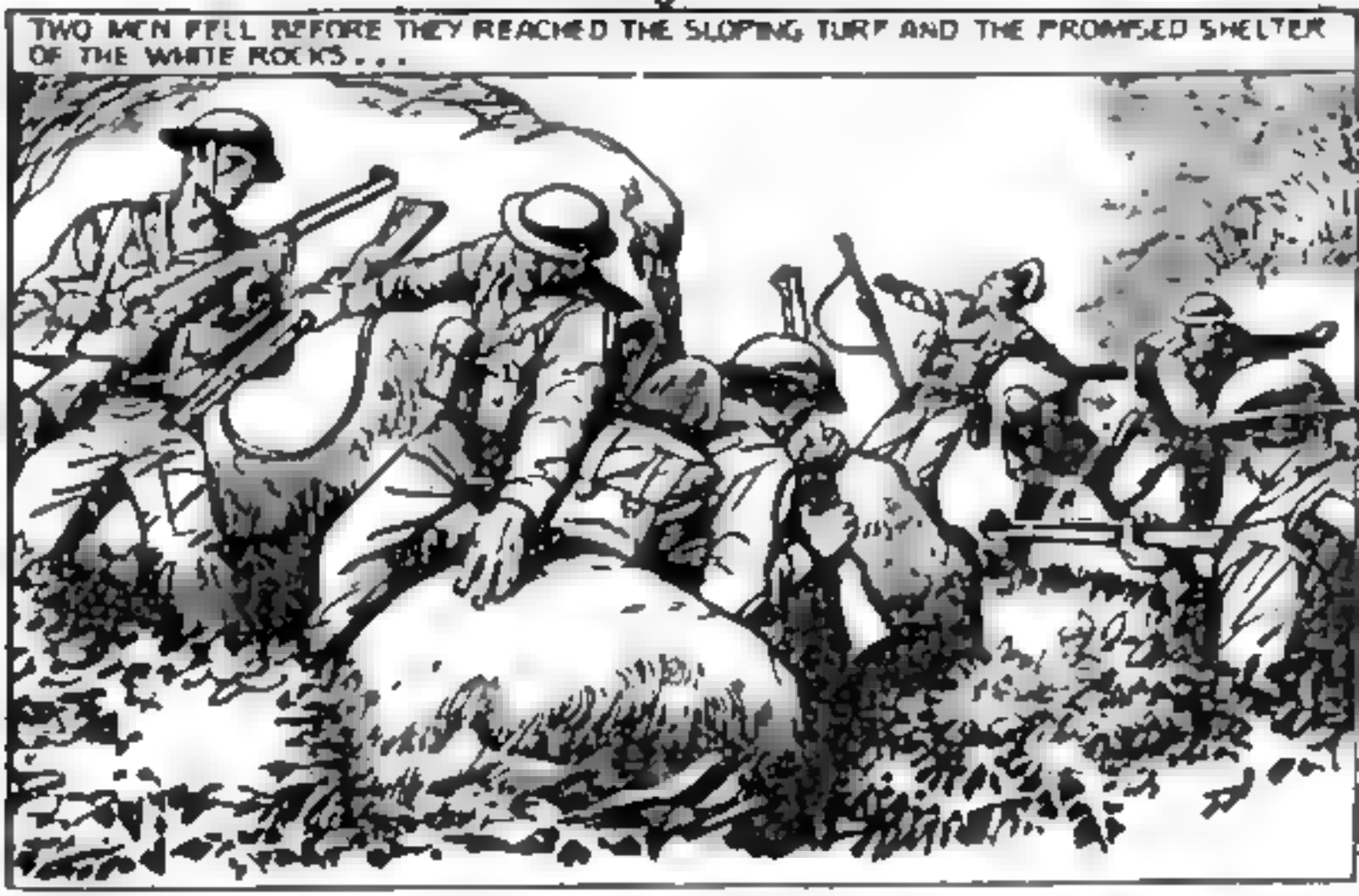
TO WATCH.
AAAH!

THE ATTACK WAS STEMMED LIKE A RIP-TIDE THAT SMASHES AGAINST THE SOLID BARRIER OF A REEF. THE GERMANS TURNED ABOUT AND SPILLED INTO THE SUITS THE BRITISH HAD VACATED SHORTLY BEFORE . . .
IF OUR MORTARS GO TO WORK AGAIN, THEY CAN STILL SOFTEN UP THOSE ENGLANDERS FOR US BY KNOCKING MOST OF THE FIGHT OUT OF THEM!

THE GERMAN MORTARS WENT TO WORK AGAIN . . . NOT WITH SUCH INITIAL SUCCESS AS WHEN THEY HAD COUGHED OUT THEIR CLOBBERING SALVOES EARLIER ON, BUT EFFECTIVELY ENOUGH.
IT'S NO GOOD DIGGING IN HERE! WE'LL BE SITTING DUCKS AGAIN AS SOON AS THOSE MORTARS GET OUR RANGE! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE OUT!
FINE! BUT WHERE DO WE RUN FROM HERE, SARGE?

FLINT LOOKED AROUND. THE GERMANS ON THE CREST HAD ALLOWED THEM TO COME ON OVER OPEN GROUND UNTIL THE RANGE WAS SHORTENED TO A LITTLE MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED YARDS!
THEY'VE LET US COME RIGHT INTO THIS TRAP! IF WE GO BACK THE WAY WE CAME, THEY'LL SHOOT US DOWN LIKE RABBITS!
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO MAKE A DASH FOR THAT BROKEN GROUND TO THE LEFT!

THEY HAD COVERED BARELY HALF THE DISTANCE BEFORE THE CHILLING RATTLE OF A SPANDAU RIPPED OUT BEHIND THEM...
KEEP GOING... WE'LL MAKE IT!


TWO MEN FELL BEFORE THEY REACHED THE SLOPING TURF AND THE PROMISED SHELTER OF THE WHITE ROCKS...

THE REST OF THE PLATOON DIVED FOR COVER FROM THE LEAD THAT LASHED THROUGH THE AIR ABOUT THEM — BUT AS THEY HIT THE GROUND, THERE WAS A SUDDEN ROAR AND EARTH FOUNTAINED SKYWARDS...
IT'S JOHNSON... MUST HAVE STEPPED ON A MINE!
THE AREA MUST BE MINED!

THIS NEW DANGER HAD HARDLY REGISTERED IN THE MEN'S MINDS BEFORE THEY HEARD THE GERMANS BEHIND THEM RUNNING FORWARD INTO DIFFERENT FIRING POSITIONS. FLINT KNEW THAT A FATEFUL DECISION HAD TO BE MADE.
IF WE STAY HERE, WE'LL BE WIPED OUT ONE BY ONE — IF WE GO ON, WE'LL BE WALKING INTO A MINEFIELD — AND EVEN THERE THE JERRIES WILL BE SNIPING AT US!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, SARGE, HANG ON HERE TILL OUR AMMO RUNS OUT... OR GO ON?
WE GO ON!

THEY WOULD LOSE MEN BY ENEMY FIRE — BUT SOME WOULD SURVIVE...
EVERY MAN ON HIS FEET... AND FOLLOW ME — IN SINGLE FILE! WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T STRAY FROM THE PATH I TAKE.

EVERY STEP THE SERGEANT TOOK, COULD HAVE PLANTED HIS FOOT ON THE PRESSURE BLOCK OF A LETHAL MINE -YET EVERY YARD HE GAINED, BROUGHT HIS PLATOON NEARER TO SAFETY. RIFLES RATTLED IN THE DISTANCE AND ONE OF THE MEN FOLLOWING FLINT CRUMPLED AND FELL...

THE MAN WAS DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE GROUND. THERE WAS NOTHING THEY COULD DO BUT LEAVE HIM. FLINT STRODE ON, FACE SET GRIMLY. MOMENTS LATER, ANOTHER MAN STUMBLED FROM THE NARROW TRACK THE SERGEANT HAD PILOTED...

WITH EVERY ONE OF HIS MEN WHO DIED, SOMETHING DIED IN FLINT. THEY WERE HIS RESPONSIBILITY — AND IF HE FEARED DEATH, IT WAS NOT FOR HIMSELF BUT BECAUSE IT WOULD LEAVE THEM LEADERLESS...

IT'S GETTING DARK... OUR SUPPORT TROOPS AIN'T POSS BLY REACH US UNTIL MORNING NOW!

A SMATTERING OF SHOTS STILL WHISTLED ABOUT THEM, MORE MEN WERE HIT AND ANOTHER MINE EXPLOSION FELLED TWO OTHERS. LIMBS STIFF WITH THE AGONISING TENSION, FLINT WORKED DOGGEDLY ONWARDS UNTIL HE LED THE WAY OVER THE SHELTERING LIP OF THE CREST.

WE'RE STILL IN THE MINEFIELD... BUT AT LEAST WE'RE OUT OF SIGHT OF THOSE HUNS!

THERE WERE THREE SURVIVORS OF THAT PLATOON WHEN THE 'ROCK' LED THEM OUT ON TO THE ROAD THAT FOLLOWED THAT PART OF THE VALLEY. DAWN WAS BREAKING AND DILLON, WHO WAS ONE OF THEM, WAS SHOCKED TO SEE IN THE FAINT LIGHT, THAT THE ORDEAL HAD TURNED THE SERGEANT GREY OVERNIGHT!

GOOD GRIEF! THE ROCK DID IT— HE GOT US OUT! BUT WHAT IT DID TO HIM, HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS!

SUCH WAS THE TALE DILLON TOLD A LANCE-JACK IN A NORMANDY VILLAGE NEAR CAEN IN 1944 ... A TALE WHICH WAS JUST ONE OF MANY THAT COULD BE RELATED OF SERGEANT FLINT ...

THAT NEW LANCE-CORPORAL THERE! YES, YOU! WHO IN TARNATION TOLD YOU TO BLANCO YOUR EQUIPMENT THAT COLOUR? D'YOU *WANT* THE JERRIES TO PICK ON YOU? FALL OUT AND GET IT TONED DOWN! DILLON, GIVE HIM A HAND...

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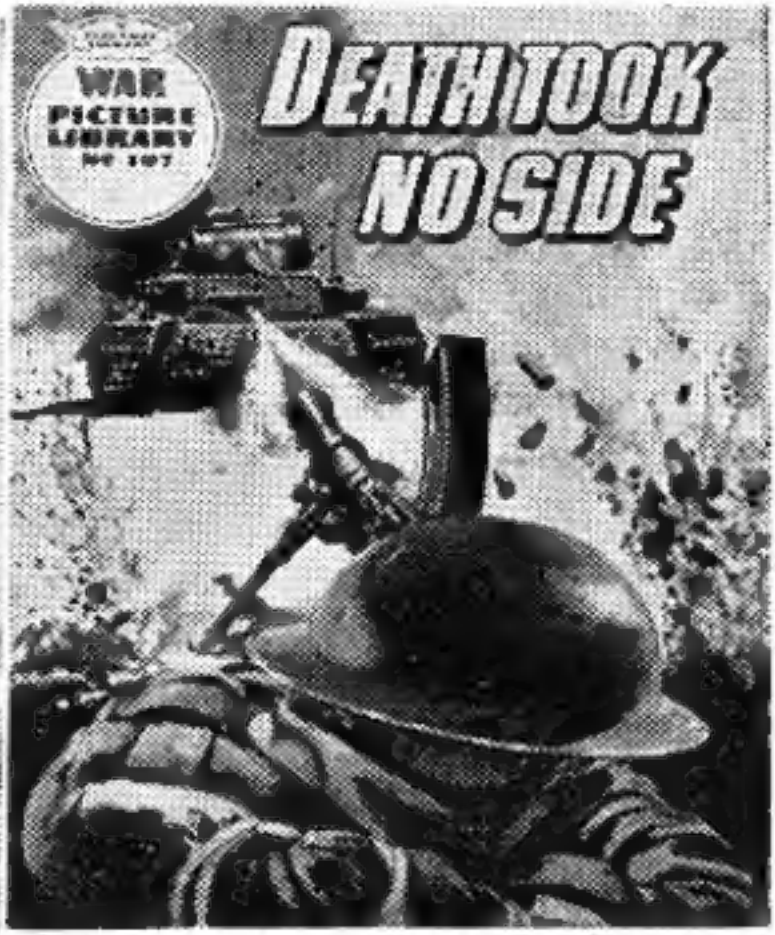

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